

A N  
E L E G Y

On the Reverend and Learned Divine,

Dr. LAZARUS SEAMAN,

Sometime VICE-CHANCELLOR of CAMBRIDGE, Master of Peter-House,  
and late Minister of the Gospel in *Albhallows-Bread street*.

What *Seaman* dead? and did no Blazing Star,  
No Comet before-hand His Death declare?  
What, *Merlin*, not a word of this in thee?

*Lilly's* but half a Prophet now I see:

For had he known it, hee'd have quickly said,  
This year *Presbytery* shall lose its head.  
But did not *Will* foretell ther'd be a fall  
Of some great Person *Ecclesiastical*;  
Its true he did, and by th' event 'tis plain,  
He did no *Bishop*, but the *Doctor* mean.  
Hence let no Foreign State with envious eye  
Look on's, 'cause they have War whilst we are free:  
Let *France* for Great a *Turenne* shed no more tear:  
Here's a more doleful Tragedy then theirs:  
Ours of the two's the greater loss by far,  
We've lost a *Prophet*, they a *Man of War*.  
And when the stoutest Warriours strength does fail,  
Such wrestle with th' Almighty, and prevail.  
Weep *England*, weep, say not thy Plagues are staid,  
Whilst from the midst of thee the righteous fade.  
When *Princes* call home their *Ambassador*,  
By that they shew they do intend a *War*.  
And when *Jehovah* takes his *Lots* from hence,  
We well may say his wrath does then commence.

Admit (blest Soul!) my Zeal to drop a verse,  
One mournful line upon thy sable Hearse,  
Though I profane thy name by using it.  
But should we wait to find one out full fit  
To praise thee, we might look, and look in vain,  
Till the great Day when thou shalt rise again.  
Unless th' *Pythagorean* fiction's true  
We cannot hope to meet with such as you,  
The highest pitch which wee'l dare to aim at,  
Shall be but to admire, and imitate.  
Could we but see thee fully as thou art,  
Could we discern the glorious beams that dart  
From Jesus face on thee, those beams of Love  
Which from thee back again towards him move:  
T'would make us quite forget our troubles here,  
For what could hurt us if our hearts were there

Where you are now there's no Division,  
No Sects, no Parties, no; you all are one:  
One God, one Christ; there's none that say we are  
*Conformists, Independents, Presbyter*:  
These words are all unknown, where there's no strife;  
There's no such names writ in the Book of Life.  
Either thy Spirit send, great God of Love,  
On us below, or take's to thee above:  
And seeing we are all coming to thee,  
Let's in the way no longer disagree.  
Grant that we all may Holiness and Peace  
Promote, and then our differences will cease:  
But we in unity shall never live,  
Whilst we for Honours, Wealth, and Pleasure strive:  
When we see Multitudes crowding about  
A spark, we wonder not if they fall out.  
All eyes behold one Sun, and yet none wants;  
And one God fills with glory all his Saints.

### His Epitaph.

Reader, If that thou learned art,  
O do not urge me to impart  
What 'tis I cover; for I fear,  
Thou'lt be so eager to lie here,  
Should I tell, that thou'lt desire  
And wish thy life might straight expire:  
Then ask no more, but away go  
And send th' unlearned, they may know:  
I'll tell none else, for here does lie  
Entomb'd, a University. 82.